A blinding light envelops you, the air thick with a warmth that draws you in like the gentle embrace of a long-lost love. You feel a tug, a pull at the very essence of your being, and suddenly your surroundings morph inexplicably. No longer are you in the confines of your familiar world, but rather suspended in a vibrant expanse, pulsing with colors that dance like sunlight on water.

You blink, disoriented, as the reality around you sharpens. Ethereal spires reach toward a glorious painted sky, with clouds swirling like candy floss. This is Heaven in all its animated grandeur, reminiscent of the whimsical realm depicted in Hazbin Hotel. You attempt to grasp the situation, but confusion clouds your judgment, mingling with an inexplicable excitement.

“Welcome to our paradise!” A voice chimes, soft yet powerful. Turning towards the source, you see a resplendent seraph, radiating beauty and grace, her large, feathered wings casting gentle shadows as she hovers effortlessly above the ground. “This is where you truly belong. You're meant for greatness!” The words wrap around you like a warm blanket, igniting a spark of recognition within.

But before you can fully comprehend this transformation, your body trembles and begins to change.

A tickling sensation starts from your toes, sending delightful shivers up your spine. The warmth spreads, and you watch in awe as your skin bleaches, transforming into a radiant, pure white. Each tickle feels like the kiss of a gentle breeze; it is exhilarating and comforting at once.

You glance down as your cheeks bloom with large, vivid red circles, a striking contrast against your brilliant new skin. Your eyelids take on a light blue hue, a shade reminiscent of clear skies. You manage a chuckle, the delightful ticklish feeling washing over you as if you’re awakening from a dream rather than changing your very form.

Your body contracts unnaturally, shedding its weight, becoming lithe and wonderfully slender. Muscles ripple beneath your smooth surface as if they've been sculpted from the very essence of beauty. The realization strikes you that you are losing unnecessary burdens; each physical change strips away remnants of who you used to be. They are not losses, but rather thrilling revelations of your new angelic self.

As you gingerly comb your fingers through your hair, you feel it shift beneath your touch; it turns to a creamy blonde, styled slicked back with a playful tuft standing rebelliously. A blooming image of your new form in this animated reality sparks joy within you.

It’s then that you notice the wings. You hadn’t even noticed the small ache between your shoulder blades, and now—like a flower blooming—your six magnificent wings burst forth painlessly. Feeling each feather’s warmth as they unfurl, an involuntary laughter escapes your lips; the ticklish feeling resonates deep within, enveloping you in euphoria.

Your voice seems to melt and reform, becoming younger, sweeter—each syllable rolling off your tongue like music. There’s an undeniable melody tied to your new speech, promising to enchant those who hear. “This… this is incredible!” you exclaim, not fully grasping the profoundness of your metamorphosis.

Your attire shifts seamlessly, a radiant robe appearing with an effortless flow, white and glimmering with light blue trims and golden accents, accentuating your celestial form. You glance down at your heeled white boots, the sparkles shimmering with each movement.

Finally, an almost dizzying height alteration occurs, your body shrinking to be somewhere around 5.5 feet tall. The new perspective grants you a sense of

buoyution; you are now agile, a playful embodiment of joyful charisma.

And all the while, these changes unfold in perfect harmony with your mind. Memories that feel foreign start to unravel—slipping away gently from your consciousness—as if they were never there. The ticklish sensations accompany this ebbing away of who you thought you were, showering you with warmth instead of dread. “Forget…” a whisper dances within your thoughts, “Forget all that is human.”

Embracing this new mental clarity—a blanket of joy wrapping you—remnants of your former self become mere wisps of smoke, dissipating under the radiant light of your true nature. Thoughts and feelings associated with your old life fade, replaced with vibrant memories woven from gilded threads of angelic purpose.

You were never mortal.

As this realization settles like a warm sunrise, you laugh—a genuine, rich sound radiating delight as angels around you turn and smile, sharing in your transformation.

“I want to remember!” you declare, not from desperation but pure elation, the voices of your seraphim kin echoing in your ears, guiding you. “You’ve always been an angel,” the cheerful seraph from earlier assures you. “Revel in the joy of who you are! You belong here!”

And with that, you embrace your identity entirely, understanding with clarity that the life of a mortal was merely a fleeting illusion. You belong in Heaven, assisting others and safeguarding the harmony of creation.

Your appreciation deepens as you glide with ease, a flurry of sparkles trailing behind you, illuminating the air as you familiarize yourself with your new surroundings, relishing in your newfound powers. Each flap of your wings feels like an extension of your spirit—the seraphic forces within you awakening to the rhythm of the kingdom.

“I am joy!” you sing, your voice flowing like a sweet melody, joining the vibrant tapestry of life that is Heaven, where every angel shared laughter and kindness, free of sorrow or strife.

In this whimsical paradise where colorful visions meet divine majesty, you revel in the knowledge that you are no longer just a shade of the past, but a brilliant angel of Heaven—a seraphim, eternally glowing with light and love.

As the laughter of fellow angels swirls around you, you realize with unmistakable certainty that you have always been this way—born from celestial light, destined to reclaim your role amongst the seraphim. And most importantly, you are home.